

Acolyte

by SMYGO4EVA

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Summary: Drabble. "Think about where your loyalties lie." Takes place during the IDW Comics.

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"Sometimes I think you do this on purpose, Deadlock," Tarn spoke as he gently put a servo on the former Decepticon's shoulder.

Drift frowned before realizing there was no resentment behind the leader's words. "And what makes you say that?" He had to keep his guard up, especially around the DJD. He was no longer Deadlock, one who sided with tyranny and corruption, what he had abandoned so long ago.

"I'm sure you've heard of the phrase 'absolute power corrupts absolutely', correct?" Tarn replied, leaning in and securing his gaze. "You have tasted such raw power, Deadlock, and, in a way, you still have it."

"I go by the name Drift now," Drift replied, his vocal processor firm, yet brimming with anger, recalling his deeds when he was a Decepticon, many that he would much rather forget. "Absolute power undeniably corrupts, and one would stay corrupt, long after one has tasted such power."

"Well, how perceptive of you," Tarn replied, a mocking lilt in his voice, his optics narrowed. "However, there is this: if absolute power corrupts absolutely, does absolute powerlessness make you pure?"

Drift curled his servos, trying in vain to ease their shaking, waiting for his spark beat to slow. He knew that the DJD leader had a

point there, but he couldn't let him know that he had touched a nerve.

Tarn stood up straight and chuckled. "Hmm, it seems you have much to think about, Drift. Think about where your loyalties lie, my friend, before your fellow soldiers pay for your mistakes."

"Believe me, I will." Drift narrowed his optics, because he knew that there would be a next time when the Decepticons would want him as their acolyte once again.

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